HONOR & OPES:

OR, THE

Brittiſh Merchant's

GLORY.

A

POEM,

Congratulatory.

On the happy deciſion and concluſion of all differences between the Old and New *Companies*, United in Trade to the *EAST-INDIES*, lately referr'd, and wholly reſign'd to the moſt approv'd and unqueſtion'd *Wiſdom* and *Integrity* of the Right Honourable the Earl of *Godolphin*, Lord High Treaſurer of *Great-Brittain*.

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DEDICATED
GEOMETRY
TO
GEM
VIP

BIBLIOTHECA·BODLEIANA

Moſt Humbly

DEDICATED

TO

The Honourable the *Court* of

Managers, Members,

AND

Adventurers,

Concern'd

In the aforeſaid

United Trade,

TO THE

Eaſt-Indies:

With all Humility,

And Duty, by

T. D'Urfey.

HONOR & OPES:

OR, THE

Brittiſh Merchant's

GLORY.

LONG in a baleful Cave * by Nature made,
Dark as the gloomy Manſions of the Dead,
Where *Titan* never ſpread a cheerful Ray,
Nor Man, nor Beaſt e'er welcom'd ſmiling Day;

* The Seat of Diſcord.

Diſcord

Diſcord in Horror dwelt, *BRITTANNIA*'s Foe,
Whoſe Poyſonous Boſom did with rancour glow:
In Ages paſt, * when Streams of Blood enſu'd
Her barb'rous Hate, and our inteſtine Fewd;
And lately too, how her efforts were made,
To overthrow our Quinteſcence of Trade:
Eaſtern Adventurers concern'd can tell,
And *INDIA*'s * Royal Merchants know too well.

* Its effects in the Civil War.

* The late Jarrs between the Companies.

But Heaven Indulgent, with propitious Smile,
At laſt ſheds Favour on our happy Iſle;
BRITTANNIA's Genius greets her fertile Shore,
And ſtops the ſpreading Peſt from raging more,
UNION the laſting Happineſs began,
That wondrous Work perform'd by glorious *ANNE*,
By whom the *Roſe* and *Thiſtle* late entwin'd,
Make all the other Plants ſprout out in kind.

And

And as theſe mighty Kingdoms each bleſt Hour,
By Joyning Intereſts add to either's Power:
Ev'n ſo, ye noble Traffickers, is made,
More firm the means for your improving Trade;
By the Indulgent Amity you bear,
Whoſe good diffus'd, the Univerſe will ſhare.

And firſt by this the Soldiers *Bleſſing* grows,
For tho' from Home both Cloath'd & Arm'd he goes
Yet what's to him a better Lot, his Pay,
With happy eaſe is render'd at the Day,
Your Goods ſent out to Foreign Parts being made,
The Standard of Exchange by which he's paid.
Thus are our painful Fighters yearly bleſt,
And to Improve the Nation's Intereſt,
Eaſt-India's wiſe deſigners ſtill are ſeen,
Moſt uſeful to the Land, moſt gainful to the Queen.

The

Next then the product of our Fleecy Plains,
In *British* * Wool abroad rewards our Pains:
Largely the Flocks increaſe, each fertile Year,
And largely make returns of Profit there.
The Weather-beaten Shepherd bleakly ſtands,
And with warm breath ſtrives to unthaw his hands
Facing each Storm his ſcatter'd charge attends.
Till by his painful Care in proper time,
The Wooly Wealth's convey'd to th' Eaſtern Clime,
From whence transform'd to Ingots of rich Ore,
It comes t' increaſe the *Royal Merchant*'s Store.

* The Commodity of Wool very Profitable.

Then as the Annual Coverings of our Sheep,
Turns to great Gain, by ſuch as Plough the Deep;
As from our ſpacious Downs the Flocks that bleat,
By Yearly Traffic gainful Joys repeat;
So from the Entrals of our Pregnant Land,
Our Plumbous Ore * can fetch the Golden Sand.

* Iron and Lead of vaſt profit.

Ganges

Ganges and rich Pactolus both are made,
Subſervient Yearly to our Iron and Lead:
That dreadful Mettle by which Kings decide,
Their Glories difference, which ſome call their Pride
That Wing'd with Horror ne'er diſtinction gave,
To Prince or Peaſant, Coward or the *Brave*:
Bred in our teeming Deeps with noble Share,
Of great advantage guilds adventrous Care.

If then from baſer Mines ſuch Gains enſue
By large increaſe, what will not Silver * do?
A treble Value thence our Traders make,
And every Peny ſent, brings three Pence back:
And tho' the dull and the unthinking doubt,
Our Nations benefit by Coin ſent out;
The more Judicious ſort who better know,
Can well affirm from thence what Profits grow,

* Silver ſent out yeilds treble Profit.

Not only by rich Goods in Worth and Weight,
But in the noble Income * by the Freight;
Which does from Books of true account appear,
At leaſt Two Hundred Thouſand Pounds a Year.

* Vaſt income by the freight.

Ten times the value of which mighty Sum,
When haughty *France* purſu'd the *Belgians* home,
Alarm'd their Frontiers in great *William*'s Reign,
Till *Britiſh Aid* forc'd their retreat again:
The *Body* * of *EAST-INDIA* Chiefs could raiſe,
To Aid the Sovereign in twice twelve Hours ſpace:
Of which no Realm can ſcarce example give,
Nor Men of mean Capacity believe.

* Two Millions rais'd for King William in 24 Hours.

Next let our power Marine their thanks expreſs,
And for Encouragement our Merchants bleſs:
Let Navigation's Artiſts * grateful be,
To thoſe ſo well promote their Induſtry:

* Navigation encouraged by the companies.

Employ

Employ our vagrant Youth with Prudent Care,
And make 'em fit for Traffic, or for War.
No more would *Monſieur*'s long fang'd ſharks devour
Our ſtragling Veſſels every luckleſs Hour,
If other Trading Heads, to mend affairs,
Would Joyn to make Repriſal upon theirs:
An Ordinance ſo proper for our Good,
By the wiſe Senate cannot be withſtood,
Prudence *particular may ſingly Shine,*
United Wiſdom's *blaze with Light Divine.*

That all ſucceſſes may be made compleat,
Ye fortunate projectors Wiſe and Great,
Let me your *Amity* Congratulate:
Here let my Muſe inſpir'd for mighy Things,
Chant out his Praiſe who this to Period brings;
To whom your happieſt Stars your Steps did guide,
As one, your difference could beſt decide.

Weed

Weed out the lurking Errors rooted low,
That in the Garden which ſo well you Sow,
Forbad the ſweet delightful Plants to Grow.
Serene *GODOLPHIN* in whoſe noble Breaſt
Lycurgian Knowledge does with Solons reſt,
And thither too by Sacred Grace convey'd,
Reaſon to argue, Rhetoric to perſwade.

Well, ye great Partners, have your Judgments choſe
A Head for Buſineſs that all Buſineſs knows;
Whoſe nice dicerning Wit all Points can reach,
Solve each grand Doubt, and ſolder every Breach;
And under anxious Burthens of the State
Stand firm, would cruſh another with the Weight.

Yet Atlas *like, though the vaſt* Globe *he bears,*
No ſigns of Preſſure on his Brow appears;

Stedfaſt

Stedfaſt around the giddy Maze he goes,
Whilſt his acute Vexations no one knows,
So ancient Martyrs *without noice reſign'd,*
Great was the Pain, *but greater was the* Mind.

Large are his Cares, *uncertain too his* Health,
Who is entruſted with the Kingdom's *Wealth;*
Who dares reſiſt when Bribery aſſails,
And weigh his Concience *in* Aſtrea's *Scales:*
Whoſe generous Heart, does Wit *and* Merit *Grace,*
Do Right to all and worthy of great Place,
Can cheriſh Vertue *in theſe Vicious Days:*
Such is the Prudent Umpire *you have gaind,*
With lucky Pains to take your Cauſe in hand;
Whoſe Honour *is unſoil'd, whoſe* Judgment *ſound,*
Whoſe Temper *Candid, and whoſe* Wit *renown'd:*

Whoſe Honeſty *is Taintleſs and Serene,*

Whoſe Heart is Loyal, *and whoſe Hands are Clean.*

Joyn then your *Power* and *Wills* reſolving all,
In your united Cauſe to ſtand or fall ;
Let each one's *Intereſt* be the other's *Care,*
And Golden *Profits* Amicably ſhare :
Your *Strength* is great, whilſt firmly you combine,
No Foe your happy State can undermine :
Like *Æſops* Bundle of Green Rods you ſtand,
Too ſtrennous to be broke by any Hand :
But if divided, you your *Concord* ceaſe,
All who attempt may Snap you at their eaſe.

But that, wiſe *Brittains* let me Propheſy,
In *ANNA's* Glorious Reign can never be ;
Firm *UNION* new cemented holds ſo faſt,
It like the *Baſis* of the *Globe* will laſt :

Out-wear

Out wear old Time, and tuneful accents ſpread,
In Conſort with the *Trump* that wakes the Dead.

Turn the effects then of your *Amity*,
And power upon your Country's Enemy:
Let *France* that ſtudies to deſtroy your Trade,
Find in reproof the Friendſhip you have made:
Gold is, you know, the Sinnew ſtill of War,
And equally with *Fame* makes Nations jarr:
Spare then the *B*right t'employ the baſer Ore,
And pelt ſuch Galick Vermin from our Shore,
As lately durſt Inſult us at our Door:
Land at our Country Hutts and ſteal by Night,
Whilſt we to Town for Orders ſent to Fight,
Thus make our own remiſſneſs cauſe our Harms,
From ſuch as ne'er durſt meet on equal Terms.

The

The Court that finds the benefit of Trade,
Muſt in its Turn too, yeild a proper Aid;
Nor can the gracious *Queen* Auguſt and Wiſe,
Whoſe Tribute * by your painful Induſtrys,
Does Yearly to a vaſt Revenue riſe;
Refuſe to further any juſt occaſion,
That falls t' improve the Grandeur of the *Nation*,
Which to promote, your Labours never ceaſe,
For which you oft too Sacrifice your Eaſe.

* The Queen's Revenue a vaſt Sum.

Nor at juſt Seaſons do you fail to ſhew,
Th'uncommon Love you for your Country owe:
Witneſs your Service late * a glorious Lone,
Timely to Aid the Government and Crown:
Create a dread in our inſulting Foes,
And thoſe reward who bravely dare oppoſe.
Thus, tho' their loud *Te Deum*'s Crowds amuſe,
Tho' harraſs'd Peaſants dance in Wooden Shoos:

* Twelve Hundred Thouſand Pound lent to the Queen and Government in 1708.

The

The *Spaniſh* Galeons Ingots ſafely Land,
Great-Brittain firmly againſt all ſhall ſtand
Undaunted, till a Peace be nobly made,
And all her Loyal Sons with laſting Joys are paid.

Bleſs then propitious Stars the ending Year,
And let the Power of *UNION* now appear:
Oh! may Almighty Providence afford
New kind Succeſſes to our General's Sword:
May his great Soul that thirſts for Glory ſtill,
Form new Atcheivments from the Fate of *Liſle*,
That *Vendoſme* may no more the Title have
For Sleeping in his Camp of Wiſe and Brave,
Or boaſting o'er a Town he durſt not ſave:
For *Britiſh* Martialiſts * who odds ne'er fear'd,
Fluſht with their *Cauſe*, and with firm hearts prepar'd

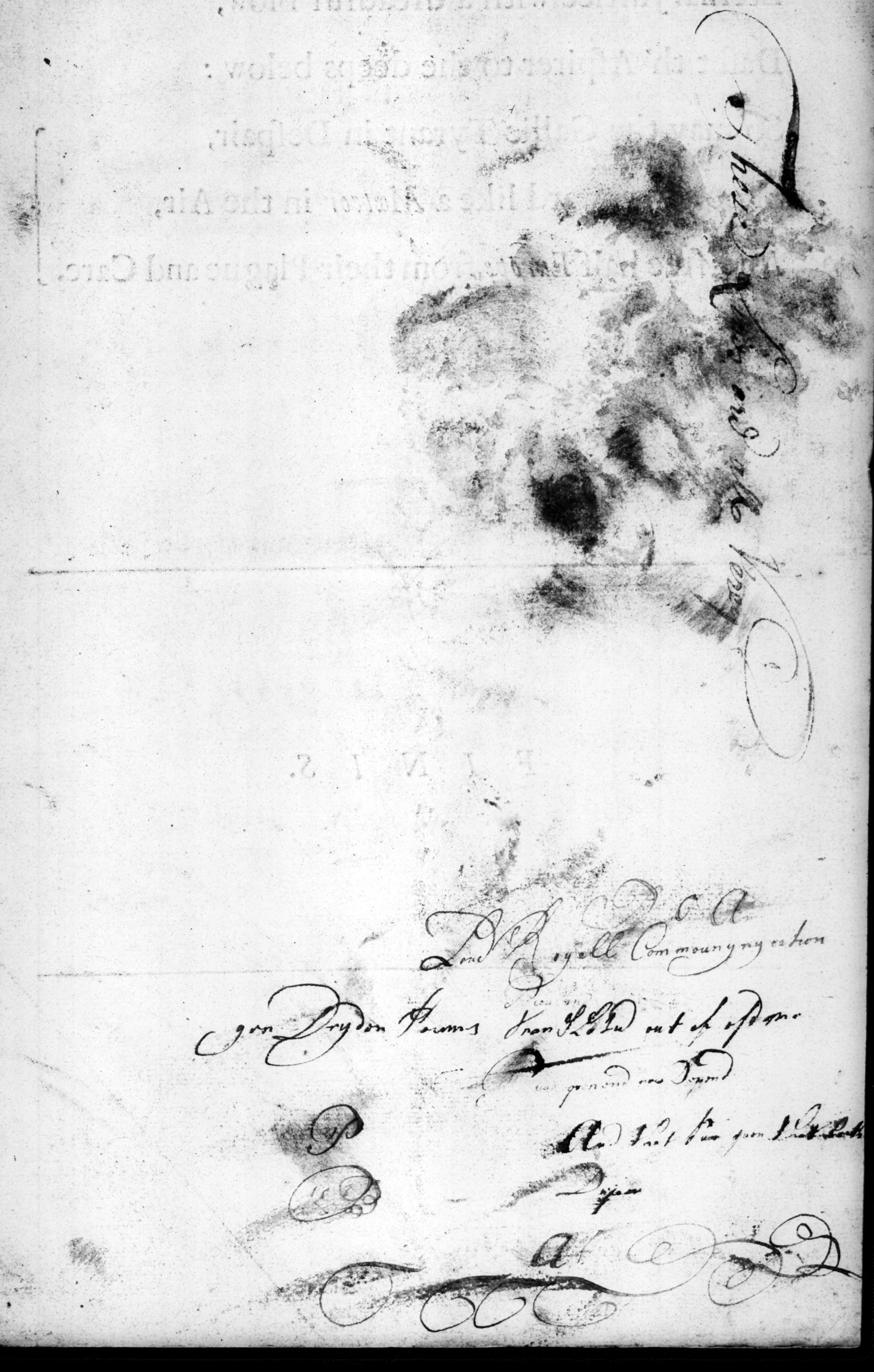
* Alluding to the late Brave Action of Major General *Webb*, and the odds the *French* had againſt him.

Still prove like thoſe ſo great in Fame's report,
When our Fifth *Henry* Fought at *Agincourt*.

Such *Bleſſings* has this wondrous *Year* brought fourth
May then *Eaſt-India* Stock encreaſe in worth:
May Royal *ANNA*'s Arms ſucceed in War,
And may you find rich *Premiums* for your care,
Thus both by ſacred Bounty happy be,
For matchleſs Vertue She, and you for Induſtry.
The Mellow'd *Autumn* bleakly does appear,
To nip the ſhrivel'd Cluſters of the Year;
Our Gallick Foe in Hopes is fading too,
For fatal Vengeance will curſt Pride purſue:
The lofty *Cædar* tow'ring to the Skies,
Is rooted by the Tempeſt that does riſe.

And as when the Ambitious Fiend of old,
Thirſty of Sway, to War with Heaven made bold,

Eternal

Eternal Juſtice with a dreadful Blow,
Daſht th' Aſpirer to the deeps below:
So may the Gallic Tyrant in Deſpair,
Shoot downward like a *Mæteor* in the Air,
And free half *Europe* from their Plague and Care.

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